

A PARADOXICAL PLAN

By HOPE HOPKINS.

Just previous to the opening of the American Revolutionary war a young Marylander named Edward Mower, having ruined himself financially at cards—gambling was very fashionable in those days—sailed in a British regiment stationed at Baltimore. When the war came on Mower, whose sympathies were with the colonies, deserted and joined the patriot army. Taken prisoner at the battle of Monmouth, he was recognized as a former British soldier and a court martial ordered to try him for desertion.

While Mower was waiting trial he was lodged in jail at Trenton. One morning his cell door was opened, a young woman of about twenty years of age entered, and the door closed behind her. The prisoner looked at her in surprise.

"I have been admitted here for five minutes' conversation with you," she said, "by order of the commandant. I have claimed that you are a relative of mine, and I wish to give you some information to be used in your defense."

"But I never saw you before!" exclaimed the prisoner. "What information can you have for me?"

"None that will save you from conviction. I am told by those who know that you will be shot. I wish to aid you to escape. Here are some pellets containing a drug that will make you ill. Take one every hour for three hours. I wish to secure your removal to a hospital where I may be better able to serve you."

"But why this interest in me—a stranger?"

She was silent for a moment, looked at the floor, then said, "Do as I tell you and ask no questions."

Mower was making another effort to discover the cause of this remarkable incident when his cell door opened and the girl was summoned by the guard. As soon as she had gone he swallowed one of the pellets she had given him and in an hour swallowed another. The guard when he came to leave the prisoner's room found him giving unmistakable signs of illness. Mower was carried to a hospital.

As soon as Mower got better he swallowed another pellet and another and another, renewing the doses every day. He overshot the mark, taking so many that one morning he was thrown into convulsions which ended in unconsciousness. When he came to himself again he found his body covered from head to foot with a sheet. He was about to throw it off when he heard footsteps and a few moments later the voice of a hospital steward said:

"He died in convulsions."

"When?" asked the surgeon's voice.

"Half an hour ago."

The footsteps were heard passing on. Soon Mower felt himself lifted by two pairs of arms and carried out from the ward to the cold air and laid on some hard substance. Then he heard a bolt shot, and all was still. Throwing the covering off his face, he saw that he was resting on a table in a vacant room. Beneath him on the floor was a corpse. He was in a dead-house. There were two windows in the room, and from the light coming through them Mower knew that it was day. He dared not move for fear of attracting attention. He heard the town clock strike every hour from 11 to 7. Then it grew dark, and he determined to examine his surroundings.

The windows overlooked a shed, beyond which was a back yard, and at the farther end of this were trees. He waited till all the lights on the premises were extinguished, then stepped out of a window on to a shed beneath, let himself to the ground and ran to the back of the yard. Climbing a fence, he found himself in the back yard of other premises.

Mower was in night clothes and dared not enter a street lest he attract attention. He waited, shivering, till a late hour, then, making sure that no one was near, passed through the yard and stood looking up and down the street on which the premises faced. Hearing the watch approach crying "Eleven o'clock and all's well," Mower waited till he had passed, then ran like a deer till, reaching the town limits, he found himself in a wood. Seeing a house standing by itself and assuming that the inmates were patriots, he knocked and told his story. He was furnished with clothing and piloted by one of the family toward Morristown, where he entered the American lines.

Mower rose to the rank of major in the American army. The mystery of his escape was unsolved till the end of the war. Then one day he received an anonymous letter from Baltimore in a woman's handwriting announcing that if when he had occasion to visit that city he would call at a certain house he would be furnished with some information that would interest him.

Mower lost no time in making the journey, called at the house designated, and was there received by the lady who had visited him in prison. The pleasure expressed in her face, a blush and shirking, gave him the key to her motives. She had seen him when she was a girl of fifteen and had given him her heart.

"Your taking so much of the poison," she said, "spoiled all my plans. I had arranged another method for your escape from the hospital, but before I could put it into operation you had been taken away. But it is perhaps fortunate, for my own plan was necessarily far more complicated and might have miscarried."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
This has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHEN TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE GUMS, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLEYS ALL PAINS, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take the name "Winslow's" on the wrapper. It is the only one of the kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. One dollar for six bottles. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Address: J. C. Winslow & Co., 123 North Second Street, New York, N. Y.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Designer of Lincoln Cent.

Victor D. Brenner of New York, who recently came into public notice as the designer of the Lincoln cent, is an engraver and sculptor of established reputation. Some of the medals which he designed several years ago are considered excellent examples of his ability in this art. In the last seven years, the major part of which he spent in Europe, he has also done some excellent work as a sculptor. While a noteworthy piece of work, the



VICTOR D. BRENNER.

Lincoln penny is not the only nor the best example of his capacity as a medalist. His bas-relief of ex-President Roosevelt is considered by connoisseurs as one of the best pieces of plastic art.

Mr. Brenner is a native of Russia and is thirty-seven years old. The members of the Brenner family have been designers for generations. Mr. Brenner learned engraving from his father. One of his brothers is an engraver in Denver, and another is a promising young sculptor in Paris.

The Poet's Retort.

Joaquin Miller was once overtaken by a countryman, who gave him a long ride. Tired at length of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller.

"Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure?" said the poet.

"Of course you are."

"If that is the case," responded Miller, "I don't see why I need be so very economical of my time."—Christian Register.

A Congressman's Joke.

Congressman Livingston of Georgia was standing outside the senate finance committee room when a delegation of young women hosiery workers from Philadelphia left that room after an audience with Senator Aldrich. Senator Smoot, who is a Mormon from Utah and a member of the finance committee, left the room in the lead of the young women. "Who are all these young women?" asked a man who watched the procession curiously. "Smoot's wives," said Livingston laconically.

Glenn Curtiss, Aviator.

Glenn H. Curtiss, the American rival of the Wright brothers in the conquest of the air, has achieved some remarkable successes with his biplane. He will represent the Aero Club of America in the flying contests at Rheims, France. In his aeroplane, which is only about half the weight of that of the Wright brothers, he made many successful flights on Long Island. Mr. Curtiss' aeroplane, because of the mo-



GLENN H. CURTISS.

tor he designed, is said to be lighter even than the monoplane used by Blériot in the latter's notable flight across the British channel.

Mr. Curtiss' machine weighs only 450 pounds with the operator on board and possesses great steadiness in the air, its double wings affording more stability than the monoplane construction affected by the French aviators. Previous to leaving this country Mr. Curtiss remained in the air for fifty-two minutes at Hempstead plains.

Could He Her Part.

Skinner—This magazine tells how to get up a twenty-five cent dinner for two. Do you think you could do it?
Mrs. Skinner—I can get it up, all right, if you can get your part of it down.—Houston Post.

HARRIMAN

IS DEAD

End Came Early Yesterday Afternoon

THE NEWS WAS WITHHELD

Until Close of Stock Market—The Foremost Railroad Man of the Nation Was Often Called the Czar of Wall Street.

New York, Sept. 10.—Edward H. Harriman died at his home at Arden at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The news of his death was withheld until after the closing of the stock exchange, and save in the shape of vague rumors, the fact was not recognized until two hours after Mr. Harriman had died.

The immediate cause of Mr. Harriman's death will probably never be learned. Robert L. Gerry, his son-in-law, said last night that nobody knew what was the occasion of his father-in-law's illness and that nothing could be found out short of an autopsy. This, he said, would not be performed. Mr. Harriman was conscious up to a few minutes before his death.

Up to noon no untoward signs were apparent. Mr. Harriman received his stenographer from the Union Pacific office and gave him dictation. The stenographer left at about 12 o'clock, but half an hour later Dr. Lyle perceived a slight change for the worse.

Shortly before his death, Rev. J. Holmes McGuinness, the rector of the parish, and for years the protégé of Mr. Harriman, was sent for. Mr. Harriman's automobile set out at one o'clock for Chester, the clergyman's place of residence, and was purchased to its utmost to bring him to Arden before his patron died. The family was called into the sick room in anticipation of the direst outcome.

Besides Mrs. Harriman and Dr. Lyle, there were Orlando H. Harriman, E. H. Harriman's brother, his sister, Mrs. Cornelia Simons, Mrs. Robert Livingston Gerry, who was Miss Cornelia Harriman, and G. M. Grey, Miss Mary Harriman, and Miss Caroline Harriman, Walter Averill Harriman and 13-year-old Roland Harriman.

His great fight closed at 1:30 o'clock. Mr. Harriman was conscious almost to the very last. Those who talked with the members of his family say he clung to life with the same brilliant tenacity which he has shown throughout his career.

He will be buried in the Arden church yard next Sunday afternoon. His death was announced at the Union Pacific office at 3:35 p. m. All day long the streets teemed with reports that Harriman was either dead or on his deathbed and the announcement created little surprise.

On account of the various reports of his death or critical illness, the stock market was nervous, feverish and excited throughout the session. Regarding the selection of a successor, none of the directors of the Union Pacific had anything to say. The next meeting of the Union Pacific board of directors is to be held in October, and unless a special meeting is called meanwhile, Judge Lovett will manage the company as acting president.

HARRIMAN'S LIFE IN A NUTSHELL.

Born Feb. 25, 1848, Hempstead, L. I., one of the six children of a poverty-stricken minister.

Had only two years' education in church schools.

At 14 he was errand boy in Wall street broker's office.

At 18 he was made a clerk, with share in the profits.

Speculated with his savings, and at 23 bought a seat on the New York stock exchange.

At 25 he married Miss Mary Averill of Rochester, N. Y.

At 40 he became vice-president of the Illinois Central railroad.

At 50 he undertook to reorganize the Union Pacific, where J. Pierpont Morgan had failed.

At 60 he realized the dream of his life; an ocean-to-ocean railway system under his personal control.

Then the end came. Died Sept. 10, 1909.

HARRIMAN'S LIFE.

How He Worked His Way from Poverty to Railroad King.

Edward Henry Harriman, who, by the sheer force of his indomitable will, merged and made himself king of the ties and steel rails—63,000 miles of American railroads—described himself in an interview once as a "self-made man." Certainly no man was ever more truly a "self-made man" than this man who, beginning life in a cottage of poverty, ended it in a palace of affluence.

In his youth he knew the pangs of hunger and adversity; in manhood, with all the wealth of a Czar in his command, he knew the pangs of hunger, for it was lack of proper nutrition in its final analysis that brought about the death of the wizard of the rails. Edward Henry Harriman never enjoyed a real meal in his life! As a child he did not have them; as a man he was too busy to eat them; as a multi-millionaire his constitution was too weak to stand them.

Harriman was born in the rectory of the little old, ramshackled Episcopal church at Hempstead, L. I., a few miles from New York. His father was the late Orlando Harriman, Jr., rector of the little village church. His salary was stipulated in the contract with the church at \$200 a year; the salary was not always paid. Minister Harriman's

CURE YOUR SCATICA

It Is a Form of Neuralgia and Has Frequently Been Cured by the Tonic Treatment.

Sciatica is neuralgia of the sciatic nerve. Its origin is generally rheumatic and is the direct result of taking cold. For this reason the disease is commonly known as "sciatic rheumatism."

Lack of blood is almost always associated with neuralgia. One medical authority has defined neuralgia as "the cry of the nerves for better blood." This is true because the nerves receive their nourishment through the blood. Build up the blood, the impoverished nerves are fed and the neuralgic pains disappear.

Absolute rest is the best aid to proper medical treatment. Rest and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure most cases. After years of suffering, Mr. Fred C. Lowe, of North Paris, Me., was cured of sciatica by this remedy. Mr. Lowe is a veteran of the Civil war and was a member of Co. D, 14th Maine Infantry. He says:

"About thirty years ago I began to have sciatica and think it must have been caused by exposure. My hips, legs and back were affected and often the pain was so intense that I would drop to the ground. The pains were sharp as though a knife was cutting me. My left leg and foot were swollen to double their natural size. I would be helpless for three or four weeks at a time and was obliged to use crutches for six months. There were sharp, jabbing pains around my heart. I could not sleep and lost in weight and strength."

"I suffered intensely for about twenty years. I was under medical treatment most of the time but received scarcely any benefit. Through reading the papers I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave them a trial. They gave me relief in a short time and I took them until cured."

Sciatica is stubborn in resisting treatment and the patient frequently suffers for years. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply relieve pain, but they cure diseases caused by depraved or vitiated blood. They actually make new blood and have therefore a direct and powerful curative effect on such diseases as rheumatism, anemia, general debility and after-effects of the grip.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

parishioners let it fall into arrears, and there were no raven to bring him food. On this promised salary of less than \$1 a week, this goodly family of six sturdy children with normal appetites, it was a terrible burden, and most of it fell upon his wife, the mother of the flock. Often times bread and water made up the meal of the family; prisoners in penitentiaries mutiny when offered so little.

To-day the little church is replenished by a magnificent edifice, richly adorned. It is Edward Henry Harriman's monument to his pious father, and his hard-working mother.

It was a sore struggle for existence with the country minister and his wife and children. They were literally as poor as church mice, and they knew what hunger—real hunger—was.

When Edward H. (he was always called "Ed") by the members of his family, was 5 years old, and a pinched faced, hungry looking youth he was, Pastor Harriman moved over to Jersey City and with him went his wife, his four boys, Nelson, Orlando H., Edward H. and William, and his daughters, Lily and Annie.

Up to the year 1869, Rev. Harriman had "hard row to hoe," as Edward H. declared, but in that year he was given a better paying parish in New Jersey, whose parishioners were literally "better paying," and the burdens of the mother, who found life a struggle even then, were lightened considerably.

The four boys attended school for two years at various intervals, and when their old father showed signs of failing health, the boys struck out into the world to make fortunes for themselves. Young Edward secured a position as a messenger in the office of a small broker in Wall street. He was an undersized, weak looking, near sighted, bespectacled youngster, repelling confidence, even as he did in later years, and making few, if any, real friends.

But the youth was as shrewd and bright as he was repellent. Despite his weak looking physique, he was indefatigable; he seemed never to tire. And behind those big glasses shone big eyes, deep, calculating, penetrating—hard. In four years this messenger had made himself invaluable to the little brokerage office that he was made a clerk and gave a small share in the profits.

Harriman spent little; he lived meagerly. He set about to learn the Wall street game. This was in the early seventies, and his teachers and preceptors were "old Jay" Gould, Edm. M. Platts and Jay Cooke, truly a trio of financial giants to come with. It was a hard game to learn, but the weak looking clerk learned it well. He learned all these big financiers could teach him, and then drew on his imagination for more. In short, he learned more than his tutors knew.

He speculated wisely as a young man. At 22 he had enough to buy a seat in the New York stock exchange. They were not worth then the \$100,000 they bring to-day, but it took nearly every cent young Harriman had accumulated to close the deal.

So young Harriman went on the floor of the exchange as a trader—trading for his clients and for himself. If he had big traders on the floor noticed him at all, it was simply as a shrewd, nervous young man, quick on his feet, with every change in the market, quick as a flash to recognize the trend of the market, and quick to reverse his own opinion if he found himself on the wrong side.

When he left the floor of the exchange each day it was to go to play, to relax from the nerve racking events of a strenuous day, as the other traders did. It was back to his office, where he immersed himself in a great mass of figures and stayed there until the midnight hour.

E. H. Harriman was studying railroads; studying them as no man had studied them before. Morgan knew the financial ramifications of every railroad in the land. "Jim" Hill knew more about operating railroads than almost any other living man. Edward Harriman knew more about the financial end than Morgan, and knew more about the operating end than Hill. Therein lay his success. No details were too minor for the young banker to master; for by this time he had opened his own broker-

age and banking business under the name of E. H. Harriman & Co., which to-day is regarded as one of the leading financial institutions in America.

Then Harriman, having convinced himself he knew everything about theoretical railroading (that he could learn, began to work out the dreams of all these years), the mastery of the railroad world. He did not want to wreck railroads, like Jim Gould, for the money he could make; he didn't want to be a great railroad builder himself, like "Jim" Hill. Other people could build roads; Harriman wanted to get them after they were built, and run them, not wreck them.

This he did until he controlled roads from ocean to ocean, with a trackage of 63,000 miles.

In person Harriman was a very small man, not weighing more than 125 pounds. He wore big spectacles from behind which peered a soul-piercing set of gray eyes. He wore his mustach long, and curled down, while a small "goatee" always gave the caricaturists fine hunting ground for their caricatures. He was a man of few friends and no confidants. He loved seclusion, and was never happier than far away from Wall street, alone with his family, for Edward H. Harriman was a loving husband and father. But he allowed himself little time for his family. His waking hours were spent at his desk. He had his lunch served there, and swallowed his food with never a thought of his digestion. The physicians who examined him in Germany declared he was literally starving himself to death.

He was a lover of trotting horses and always had a magnificent stable of trotters and pacers, whose work on the Speedway always won admiration.

Mr. Harriman's last home was on top of Tower mountain, in Orange county, New York, near Arden. There, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, he built a palace of granite and marble and surrounded it with magnificent venetian gardens. From his veranda on a clear day it was declared he could see New York, 40 miles away. His view was magnificent. It was there he was taken on Aug. 25, when he arrived from Europe, where he had taken the cure at Bad Gastein and submitted himself to the care of Austrian specialists.

Harriman married in 1873 Mary Averill of Rochester, N. Y. Five children were born to them, Mrs. Robert Grey, Mary, Caroline, Averill and Roland.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Fish Chowder.

The fish should be very fresh. Remove the skin and bones and cut the flesh in two inch pieces. Cover head, bones and trimmings with cold water, slowly bring to boiling, and allow to simmer half an hour. For three pounds of fish saute an onion, sliced thin, in the fat from four ounces of fat salt pork, and add to the simmering trimmings, then strain the liquid over the fish. Have ready a scant quart of sliced potatoes, parboiled and drained, add to the fish with a tablespoonful of salt and a dash of paprika, and simmer until potatoes are tender. Then add one-fourth cupful of butter and three cupfuls of hot milk or strained tomato puree. Place a dozen buttered crackers in the tureen and pour the chowder in.

Grape Shrub.

Twelve pounds of grapes, two quarts of water, five ounces tartaric or citric acid, then pour water over grapes and smash them. Add the acid, cover with a plate to keep grapes under water, then let stand forty-eight hours, and strain through a funnel bag. Add one and one-half pints of granulated sugar to each quart of juice. Stir till sugar is dissolved, then bottle and cork tight, but do not seal. Keep in a cool place. When serving allow two or three tablespoonfuls of shrub to a glass of ice water.

California Fruit Cheese.

A California fruit cheese is made by grinding together a pound each of seeded raisins, figs, dates, currants, blanched almonds and two pounds of English walnuts. Mix into a solid cake and put under a press for two or three days. Serve in squares rolled in powdered sugar on thin slices of hot buttered toast covered with pulverized cinnamon.

Delmonico Potatoes.

Reheat two cups of boiled potatoes in one and one-quarter cups white sauce. Put in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and half a cup of grated mild cheese, arranging potatoes and cheese in alternate layers before covering with crumbs. Bake until crumbs are brown.

Handy Dish Carrier.

An article of twofold use is the dish carrier designed by a Californian. In addition to being a carrier, it also makes a good draining rack. The device consists of a frame with rows of inclined slots, somewhat resembling a window blind and resting at an angle upon supports. It is set on a



DISH CARRIER AND DRAINER.

table near where the dishes are washed, and as they are dried the plates and saucers are placed in the openings, or they can be placed there to drain before they are dried. When the rack is full scores of dishes can be carried with ease and safety to the cupboard at one trip, where otherwise a dozen journeys would be necessary.

To Clean Plumage.

To clean colored plumes wash them in gasoline and shake continuously un-



Anty Drudge Tells How to Save a Day.

Mrs. Method—"Let's see when I can go shopping: Monday, washing; Tuesday ironing."

Anty Drudge—"Right there's where you can save a day, Mrs. Method. Use Fels-Naptha in your washing and it'll only take a part of Monday forenoon, with no hard work and you can do your ironing the same day. Fels-Naptha's worth nearly a whole day in time alone every week besides the work, fuel and bother it saves."

Fels-Naptha is more than a soap—it's a helping hand on washday.

And a mighty big help, too.

If a neighbor came in and did three-fourths of your weekly washing, she would be doing as much as Fels-Naptha will do for you if you wish.

Fels-Naptha will dissolve and loosen the dirt in your clothes while they soak in cool or lukewarm water.

Then, with a light rub and thorough rinsing, they're ready for the line.

No boiling; no hard rubbing; in summer or winter.

And your clothes will be sweeter, cleaner and whiter than if you boiled them till Doomsday.

Take advantage of this helping hand next washday and the drudgery of washing clothes will be ended for you.

Follow directions printed on the back of the red and green wrapper.

til dry. Towelcan white plumes wet them with gasoline and starch. Draw through the hands from stem to tip until dry and the powder flakes off. Shake in the sunshine to fluff the fronds.

Washing False Hair.
Never wash false hair in soap and water. Instead get some gasoline, put it in an earthen bowl and literally scum the hair up and down in this until all the dirt is out. The amount of "art" the gasoline gets out of the hair will be a surprise to most women.

Toast For Soup.
To serve with clear soup cut several slices of bread, divide them into one inch squares and toast them a light brown in the oven. They should be sprinkled slightly with salt. They are not only delicious, but they look pretty in the soup.

Kerosene Spots.
To remove kerosene spots from a carpet sprinkle the place with corn meal, brushing it out when it has lain a few hours. The kerosene will all come out by repeating the application, which will have to be done if much has been spilled.

Hard Earned.
"Do you remember the first dollar you ever earned, Sam?"
"Deed I does, boss. My wife giv it me."—Yonkers Statesman.

Consistency.
Friend—What are you so sour about? Chronic Dyspeptic—Oh, I've eaten something that agreed with me.—New York Life.

The World Went Round.

When Bioggin senior on the occasion of his annual party was obliging his guests with "The Love That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bioggin seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bioggin was observed by one of the company to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty, and his eyes stood out like small hat pegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bioggin in alarm. "I believe you've been smoking."

Willie shook his head.

"Tat-tat," he declared untruthfully. "It's true what father's been singing about, I—I reckon I'm in love!"—London Express.

Astronomical.

Some curious and interesting astronomical phenomena are recorded in the old Chinese annals which go back to a great antiquity. In 687 B. C. a night is mentioned without clouds and without stars. This may perhaps refer to a total eclipse of the sun, but if so the eclipse is not mentioned in the Chinese list of eclipses. In the year 141 B. C. it is stated that the sun and moon appeared of a deep red color during five days, a phenomenon which caused great terror among the people. In 74 B. C. it is related that a star as large as the moon appeared and was followed in its motion by several stars of ordinary size. This probably refers to an unusually large bolide, or fire ball. In 38 B. C. a fall of meteoric stones is recorded.

When You Feel Played Out

There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. Take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy

For Run-down Conditions

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10c. and 25c.